I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:
Father that this is true behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother heeres the Earle of *Wiltshires*
Bloud, whom *I* encountred as the battailes ioind.
Rich. Speake thou for me and tell them what *I* did.
York. What is your grace dead my L. of *Summerset?*
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt.*
Rich. Thus doe *I* hope to shape king *Henries* head.
War. And so do *I* victorious prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of *Lancaster* vsurpes,
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,
And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine and not king *Henries* heires.
York. Assist me then sweet *Warwike*, and I wil:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle *Norffolke*. Staie by me my Lords
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night;
War. And when the king comes offer him no
Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be king
And bashfull *Henrie* be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leaue me not my Lords; for now I meane
To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest burd that holds vp *Lancaster*.
Dares stirre a wing if *Warwike* shake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*; and root him out who dares?
Resolue thee *Richard*: Claime the English crowne.

Enter king *Henrie* the sixt, with the Duke of *Excester*, The Earle of *Northumberland*, the Earle of *Westmerland* and *Clifford*, the Earle of *Cumberland*, with red Roses in their hats.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of *Warwike* that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy father.
And thine *Clifford*: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourn in steel.
West. What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe.
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: here in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,